

American Junior Red Cross NEWS



December 1950

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EWING GALLOWAY

Children all in happy bands,
Shout amain, in all the lands,
Merry Christmas!

—Edward J. Humiston

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Service Deep-South Way



"WE SERVE" has real meaning for the 2200 Negro boys and girls of the Valena C. Jones School in New Orleans, Louisiana. Under the enthusiastic guidance of their Junior Red Cross teacher-sponsor, Margaret Poché, the members are continually on the lookout for ways they can be of real service.

During the holiday time, Jones School is a real beehive of buzzing activity. The whole school cooperates, and all the classroom teachers lend Miss Poché a hand in getting everything done.

They fill Christmas stockings for hospitals. They put on programs for the entertainment of patients in a local hospital. They sing carols for older people in institutions, and they make gifts for children less fortunate than they.

The Junior Red Cross at Jones School, however, does not limit itself just to one season of the year for its service activities. Their program begins early in the fall when their council meets to plan their year's work, and they choose first to fill gift boxes.

One of their most worthwhile projects last year was the service they gave to their own school.

Miss Poché was concerned about the waste of good food in the cafeteria, so she suggested that the Junior Red Cross council might like to do something about it. They immediately started a spinach and carrot "popularization" campaign.

Not only did the campaign succeed in reducing waste, but the diet of the average child at Jones School was improved.

At Easter time, the council had fun dyeing Easter eggs to be used for the party they gave for the crippled children's ward in a local hospital. Girls in sewing class made a complete layette for a new baby in their community.

Miss Poché and her fellow teachers are literally "bringing up" the pupils in Jones School on the principles of service for others, for their community, their country, their world.

—LOIS S. JOHNSON, editor.





FLORENCE WIGHTMAN ROWLAND
Pictures by Avery Johnson

Christmas in Hidden Valley

An accident in the deep Canadian forest
made Judson's secret wish come true.

T WAS GOING TO BE a white Christmas after all. Judson wrinkled up his nose in delight as he stood at the cabin window, hoping that by this time tomorrow—Christmas afternoon—there would be enough snow to go sledding downhill on a barrel stave.

Judson was so excited he almost forgot for a moment what he *really* wanted for Christmas. He wanted to learn to write his name—but he knew he might even be a man grown before that happened.

The nearest school was across the mountains in Rollinghills. There was no teacher in this corner of Canada known as Hidden Valley, and no children for pupils except Juddie.

He didn't want to fret his Maw and Paw about his secret Christmas wish. Neither one of them had ever gone to a school, and they saw no reason for him going so far away *jes' fer larnin'*. His father had often said that a farmer needs to know about growing things and seasons, and p'raps a little figgerin'. But that was all.

Juddie would always remember the time he had seen his father slowly and awkwardly make his mark—an "X"—on the deed to their land. A wave of shame had crept into his heart because his father could not write his name.

In the middle of his daydreaming his mother's voice came from the kitchen.

"Stop a-lazyin'," she called. "There's kindlin' to get ef you want Christmas cookies."

"I'm a - comin', Maw," he answered quickly.

By bedtime Juddie was tired, but he did not forget to hang one of Maw's long black stockings at the fireplace.

JUST AS he was on the edge of dreaming, the roar of an airplane came sudden and loud above him. The motor sputtered. Something was wrong.

Then Judson heard his father and mother in their room. His father opened the door.

"Git yer pants on, boy," he ordered briskly. "That's a plane. Hurry!"

Juddie did not have to be told twice. He dressed quickly, then hurried after his parents to the lean-to. There he filled his arms with kindling, as they had done.

Once before, while Juddie was still a baby, Paw had built fires in each corner of the field for a lost plane. Just like now. Juddie had heard Paw tell the story, anyhow a hundred times.

And Juddie was to see the same thing happen again with his own eyes.

The rest was like a dream to him. He fetched and carried wood until his legs felt as if they would drop off. After a while the four corners of the field were ablaze with bonfires, and just in time too.

A black shadow swept toward them at a

terrific speed. Judson was frightened. Throwing himself down into a snowbank, he did not see the plane hit the ground, but he heard and felt the thud. When he looked, he saw the white spray fly high as the landing wheels cut deep into the snow.

It was over in a minute. The plane was safe. Judson saw the pilot smiling down at them from the opened cockpit. Now Paw was stepping up to reach for the heavy brief case that was being handed down to him.

The young man shook hands with Paw. "Close call that, Sir," he said. "Reminded me of my last mission over Anzio."

Juddie followed close behind them, back to the cabin. On the way he heard the



Juddie ran his fingers along the smoothed wood. It looked just like the big ships that flew over Hidden Valley.

man say that his name was Ralph Cartright, and that, after his radio went dead, he had lost his way in the blizzard.

Maw greeted them with steaming cups of tea, ready on the table. Mr. Cartright apologized for dropping in on them so unexpectedly.

Maw said, "It's nice havin' comp'ny fer Christmas. But won't yer kin folk fret about you?"

"There's no one," Mr. Cartright answered quietly, standing in front of the fire. Then he asked, "Will the storm be over soon?"

Paw scratched his chin. "Dunno. This here's a bad one. Yer apt to stay a spell."

"You mean, very long, Sir?" Ralph sounded anxious.

Paw sucked on his pipe and seemed to be considering the question. "Mebbe, 2 or 3 months ef you want to fly out."

Then he added, "We're sure holed in fer the winter. Can't git out till thawin's over."

Mr. Cartright was serious. "Then I'm afraid you'll have to put up with me until then, Sir. And you, Madam. I hope I won't put you to any bother."

THEY GAVE the top bunk to the young man. The cabin was soon quiet. Juddie slept soundly until the sun awoke him about 7 o'clock Christmas morning.

Excitedly he reached for his bulging stocking. Then his eyes almost popped to see the handmade model airplane on the hearth—a three-motored job—jes' like real.

He ran his fingers along the smoothed wood. Paw had done a right nice piece of

Study Visit to Europe

REPRESENTING the 19 million members of American Junior Red Cross, the 20 members of the four area councils visited 12 European countries last summer. Their trip was financed by the National Children's Fund and by the host Red Cross Societies which entertained them. A full story of the trip is in our high-school magazine, the "Journal."



All the happiness that Juddie felt shone in his eyes as the aviator showed him what to write.

work. It looked jes' like the big ships that flew over Hidden Valley.

In his stocking he found some red mittens his mother had made, a peppermint candy cane, and an orange in the toe.

He heard his mother stirring around in the kitchen half of the cabin. He ran to give her a big hug. "Thanks, Maw, fer everythin'."

She hugged him right back, and showed him the fat pot holder she had been using.

"It's jes' right, Juddie," she said. Her eyes shone with pride in his gift for her.

Judson eyed the blue denim holder with red string edges. "I can't sew good yit," he confessed.

His father came in from his chores. "Thet chick feeder you made me is mighty nice, boy," he said. "Come in handy at brooder time."

Juddie hugged him. "My plane's sure neat, Paw."

Suddenly he remembered Mr. Cartright. "Where's he gone?"

His mother looked up from the pan of griddlecakes. "To git some things from the plane. Set the plates, Juddie. He'll be more'n ready fer food when he gits back."

Juddie disappeared a moment. Then his

prized mountain turtle shell, polished to a rich brown, lay beside the pilot's place.

Maw smiled. "Thet's right nice of you, Juddie," she said softly. "Christmas is fer givin'."

AFTER BREAKFAST was over Mr. Cartright said to Juddie, "Looks like you won't be going to school for quite a while."

Judson looked at the floor, hoping Mr. Cartright would not laugh at him for not having larnin'. "There's no school here."

"You mean to tell me you've never been to school?"

Judson shook his head. "I never bin. Not once!"

Ralph Cartright's voice sounded puzzled. "You're a funny kid. I believe you're really sorry about there being no school."

Watching his Paw out of the corner of his eye, Judson answered quickly, "I'd go ev'ry day, even Sunday, *ef I could.*"

There was silence a moment, then Mr. Cartright said, "If you really want to learn, I'll teach you."

Juddie dropped the dish towel in his excitement, not seeing anything but the friendliness in the young man's eyes.

"Can I, Maw? Can I, Paw?"

"If you want to," Paw said.

"Sure do, Paw!"

It was settled, then. Judson sat down on a bench at the table and watched as Mr. Cartright pulled several sheets of paper from his brief case. From his pocket he took a pencil.

"Here," he said, showing Juddie how to hold it. "We'll start with your name."

Mr. Cartright was speaking matter-of-factly, just as if this wasn't the most exciting moment in Juddie's life.

"The first letter in your name is called a 'jay.' It's easy to make—just one straight line and a curved line, like this."

Judson watched carefully. He didn't have to wait until he was as big as Paw to know about figgerin' and such.

All of the happiness that he felt shone on his face. Why, this was the best Christmas he'd ever had. He was larnin' to write his name!

Christmas in the Woods

Inspiration for this month's NEWS covers
came to Milo Winter, the artist, from this
beautiful poem by FRANCES FROST.

FONIGHT when the hoar frost falls in
the wood,
And the rabbit cowers, and the squirrel is cold,
And the horned owl huddles against a star,
And the drifts are deep, and the year is old,
All shy creatures will think of Him.
The shivering mouse, the hare, the wild young
fox,
The doe with the startled fawn,
Will dream of gentleness and a Child:

The buck with budding horns will turn
His starry eyes to a silver hill tonight,
The chipmunk will awake and stir
And leave his burrow for the chill dark mid-
night,
And all timid things will pause and sigh, and
sighing, bless
That Child who loves the trembling hearts,
The shy hearts of the wilderness.

(Used with kind permission of the author
and the publisher, Harper & Brothers, N. Y.)



GLADYS M. RELYE

DOUBLE CHRISTMAS

Alice had double fun at Christmas because she celebrated it twice—

ALICE FLORES listened to the excited chatter of her three best friends as she walked home with them through the palm-shaded streets. It was 3:30 in the afternoon, and the last full day of school before the Christmas vacation.

The girls walked slowly for their arms were piled high with the calendars, pin-cushions, toys, and clay figures they had made for Christmas gifts.

"Two whole days until Christmas Eve," sighed Patty Hill. "I can hardly wait. You should see the big tree we bought and we've invited at least 20 people to the party and . . ."

"Just the way it is at our house," interrupted Dorothy Green. "My mother's been making fruit cakes and gingerbread men for a week. And I saw three packages with my name on them in the dresser!"

Barbara Benson looked at Alice, who so far had said nothing since they had left school.

"Cat got your tongue, Alice?" she asked, giving her a friendly nudge. "What's Santa Claus going to bring you?"

Alice's olive skin flushed. Santa Claus wasn't going to bring her anything—not a tree or presents or anything. As usual, her

family would do things the Mexican way. And how she hated to admit it!

"She's Mexican," Patty said. "Probably they don't celebrate Christmas like we do."

"We don't," Alice admitted. "We write letters to the Christ Child and then we find gifts in our shoes on January 6 which was when the Magi brought gifts to the Christ Child. Just about everybody who has a shop on Olvera Street does it like that."

She shifted the things she was carrying, and went on. "But I'm going to give out these gifts on Christmas Day, no matter what!"

"Don't mind," Patty comforted. "You'll

Illustrations by
LIN FREEGARD



just be getting your surprises when ours are all over."

But Alice did mind. And when she and her younger sister Mary were clearing the table after their supper of *chacole* soup, *chili con carne*, *tortillas*, and fresh mangoes, she said:

"Papá, why cannot we have an American Christmas this year? Mary and Arthur and I have saved our money and we will make all the preparations."

"Please, Papá," begged 6-year-old Arthur who was feeding his pet canary. "My *canario* says so, too."

"Do not bother your Papá," scolded their mother. "You know how hard he works in *la Candelaria* when *turistas* crowd *El Paseo*."

"But we want to have Christmas like the other children do," said Mary.

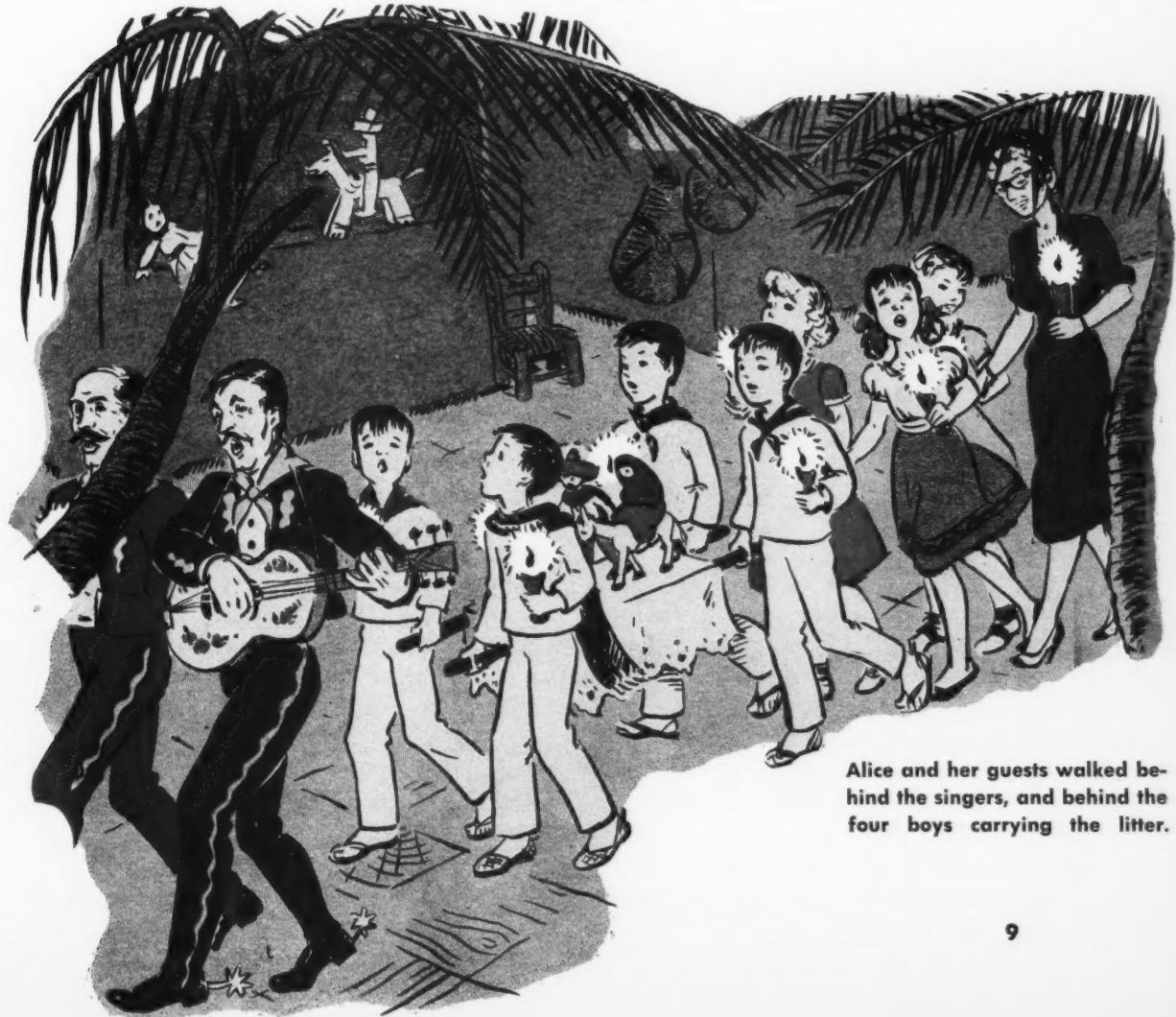
Their mother spoke again, more sharply. "Alicia and Maria, go into the *cocina* and do the dishes. *Arturo*, it is time for bed."

THE SIXTH-GRADE party next day was lots of fun. Alice sang Christmas carols as happily as anyone, and opened her gifts with great excitement.

It wasn't until they were all sitting around the Christmas tree eating ice-cream and cake that the subject of her Christmas came up again. Dorothy started it.

"Miss Evans, did you know that Alice won't get any presents until January 6? Isn't that a shame?"

"Your family celebrates in the Mexican and Spanish way, then," said Miss Evans, smiling at Alice.



Alice and her guests walked behind the singers, and behind the four boys carrying the litter.

"Yes, ma'am," Alice answered. "But I wish we'd do it the American way this year."

"Why, Alice, I think you're really the luckiest of us all," Miss Evans said. "You start having Christmas fun on December 16 and finish on January 6!"

"Three weeks! Unfair!" shouted George Prior, who had decided to become a politician when he grew up and never let the class forget it. "The rest of us are getting cheated. I demand a Mexican Christmas for the whole United States!"

Everybody laughed, and Alice, too. Now she felt brave enough to tell the boys and girls about her parents' invitation.

"My father and mother said I could invite the whole class to *Las Posadas* tomorrow night . . . if you wanted to come," she said shyly. "First we can march in the procession with the others, and then we can have a big clown *piñata* just for us."

"Oh, boy!" . . . "Can we, Miss Evans?"

"What about your own Christmas Eves at home?"

"Ours never starts till after 9," said Patty. "Neither does ours," said Barbara.

"Or ours" . . . "Or ours." . . .

Miss Evans waited until they were quiet again.

"Let's leave it this way. Everyone who wants to will meet with their parents at the statue to Don Felipe de Neve . . . he founded Los Angeles, you remember . . . in Plaza Park at 7:30. Will that be all right, Alice?"

"Oh, yes," Alice said. "That will be fine."

PRIMPTLY at 7:30 the next night, Christmas Eve, Alice waited at the statue. Five minutes passed. Many people walked by her on their way to Olvera Street, but no one from her school.

Maybe, Alice thought, they decided it wouldn't be fun. Or maybe their parents were too busy to bring them. Maybe they were just being polite yesterday.

Then, from across the street near the Old Mission Church, the first church in

Los Angeles, she heard someone call her name.

It was Patty, and there was a large group of children and grownups with her, and Miss Evans, too. Alice's spirits rose. They *had* come!

She ran to the edge of the Park and waited for them to cross Main Street through the heavy traffic. Then, happy and excited, she led them into crowded Olvera Street, filled with visitors and people from the Mexican colony, all eager to watch *Las Posadas*.

"What do the words *Las Posadas* mean?" asked Dick Powers, who always wanted to know exactly what every new word meant.

Now they were walking up the wooden steps to the *Avila Adobe* where the procession was to form as it did on each of the nine nights of *Las Posadas*.

"They mean 'the lodgings,' and the people in the procession carry a litter with figures of Mary and Joseph and the donkey on it, and act out what happened when Joseph knocked on the doors on the way to Bethlehem, and no one let them in."

Miss Evans asked, "Then on the first eight nights, no one lets the procession in?"

Alice nodded. "Yes, but tonight is Christmas Eve and so we knock at the different *puestos* and the last one will let us in."

Inside the high-ceilinged, plaster-walled, front room, Alice handed them each a candle, and lighted them.

"These are for you to carry, and my father made them extra long so you could take them home for souvenirs."

"Oh, mine is so pretty with the gold wreath on it," said Barbara.

"Mine smells like pine needles," George said, sniffing.

The procession began to move through the door and Alice and her guests, and Mary and Arthur, walked in pairs behind the four boys carrying the Holy Family litter, and behind the singers who would tell the story of *Las Posadas* in song.

Down the steps and into *El Paseo* they

went, followed by friends and relatives of the people of Olvera Street. The candles and the lighted litter made a lovely pattern in the darkness.

At the shop of the glass-blower who made such beautiful things from colored glass rods, the procession made its first stop. A tiny boy in Mexican costume knocked at the door while the singers chanted:

En nombre del cielo Heaven
Os pido posada We ask you for lodging
Pues no puede andar Because my dear wife
Mi esposa amada. Cannot go any further.)

When the door did not open for them, the procession moved on to the basket-weaver, then to the *huarache*-maker, then to the *dulce* stall heaped with candy.

At each stall, someone in the procession knocked while the singers chanted, but at each they were told there was no room for Mary or Joseph.

At last they stopped before a sidewalk restaurant. This time, the door opened wide and the procession went inside.

The four boys carefully placed the litter on a table. A small girl put the figure of the Infant Jesus in the manger.

The serious part of *Las Posadas* was ended. The people in the procession broke up into happy laughing groups.

"Mary! Arthur! Tell Papa to get our special *piñata* ready!" Alice said.

Mary and Arthur ran out of the restaurant into *EI Paseo*, Alice and her guests following on their heels.

Arthur shouted back to them, pointing at the big red and green crepe-paper clown which dangled from a rope strung between two stalls.

Alice blindfolded Barbara. "Now, take this stick and try to break the earthenware pot inside. It's filled with candy and toys!"

She turned Barbara round and round so that she would not know exactly where the *piñata* was. Barbara swung the red-papered stick three times, wildly. Each

time, Señor Flores pulled the *piñata* out of reach by jerking at its rope.

"*La maestra!* Let her try!" said Señor Flores.

So Miss Evans was blindfolded and turned round and round. Swish—swish, she swung mightily, and missed. Then, CRACK! Her stick hit the clown right in the middle, and out spilled the candies and nuts and toys, all over the brick pavement!

What a laughing and scrambling! In a minute, the pavement was bare again.

Breathless and with hands filled, the boys and girls joined their parents, who had been watching the fun and walked



down *EI Paseo* ready to go home to their own Christmas Eve celebrations.

AN HOUR LATER, Alice and Mary and Arthur and Señor Flores left for home.

They opened the front door. And there, shining brightly in the front hall was a tall and sparkling Christmas tree!

"Merry Christmas in the American way!" cried their mother.

Alice felt like crying. "*Gracias, Mamá-cita!*" she said, hugging her.

Mary and Arthur hugged their mother, too. "Thank your papá, also!" their mother gasped, trying to catch her breath.

The three children hugged him, too, and then went close to admire the wonderful tree. Alice ran into her bedroom and brought out the gifts she had made at school.

"Merry Christmas in the American way!" she said, putting them under the tree. "And *Feliz Navidad*, too!"

ROBERT M. DE LANY
*ARC Staff Writer,
Europe, tells a true
story about . . .*

THE GIRL WHO COULDN'T SMILE



RED CROSS PHOTOS BY BOB DE LANY

**Eva, a little German girl, gets her picture taken with
the doll made for her by boys and girls in America.**

LAST SUMMER 12,000 soft toys, made by American Junior Red Cross members, arrived for distribution to European children.

The German Red Cross in Munich received many of them, and I was invited to go along with some of the Junior Red Cross members to a big stone castle on a beautiful Bavarian lake, to help distribute these toys to 150 children being cared for there.

When we got to the castle, the children

were having their lunch of soup and bread. There was a great clatter of spoons and dishes as they hurried to finish.

Then with a babble of excited voices, they scrambled into the castle yard, where under tall evergreen trees the German Junior Red Cross girls and boys awaited them.

In no time at all, each child had a toy. One little girl must have kissed her doll a hundred times. I am sure it was the first

doll she had ever owned. Other children began at once to play "father and mother" with their dolls, and to set up make-believe bedrooms and parlors.

But there was one girl, with large brown eyes, and a stringy ribbon in her hair, who cried.

She wanted the doll. She took it eagerly and put it into her arms with real tenderness. But she didn't smile at all. Instead, her eyes filled with great big tears that ran down her nose and plopped off her chin.

She was so happy she cried. Does that seem strange to you?

A German Red Cross worker stepped over to me as I took a picture of this sad-eyed girl.

"She just came to us yesterday, from Berlin," the worker explained. "She needs rest and milk and plenty of fresh air. Her name is Eva."

I thought perhaps I could get a picture of Eva with a nice big smile. After all, a new doll usually means a new smile. So I tried to take another picture, and the Red Cross worker said, "Eva, dear. Smile for the camera, won't you?"

But Eva couldn't smile. She wasn't quite sure *how* to smile. There must have been very few smiles in her life.

It was not polite of me to try any longer, so we let Eva join her friends. A little later I saw her way off by herself. Her doll was sitting on a stone step, and Eva was kneeling in front of it, her eyes wide with wonderment and love.

"She is so happy," I thought, "she just can't smile—yet. Tomorrow, perhaps, but not today."

Instead, Eva just kneeled there admiring her wonderful gift from America.

And on her cheek was a big gray smudge where she had rubbed away the tears.

Her two boy friends both want the same toy, but Eva holds tightly to her doll. ➤



▲ With happy smiles these German JRC members walk through the woods to the children's home bringing gifts made by American Juniors.



▲ Eva tries to smile when a boy from the German Junior Red Cross (right) gives her a doll.



Anything Can Be Mended

—especially during the celebration of Hanukkah

MORTON CLURMAN

Illustrated by Harve Stein



TO MMY ROGERS and Paul Steinberg were growling at each other. Usually they were the best of friends, but today was different.

"I started the Forty-Niners," barked Paul. "Why shouldn't I be the club's representative?"

"But who's president?" snapped Tommy. "So what," said Paul. "What if you are president? I started the Forty-Niners; and besides, the traffic patrol was my idea. I

ought to be traffic captain."

"You just want to be the big cheese! I'm president and I should be captain of the safety patrol."

No wonder the boys were scrapping. The traffic patrol of the Forty-Niners club had just been organized to help safeguard the streets near the Westville public school. Everyone was enthusiastic, and even the grownups in town were talking about it.

In a few days, the patrol would meet to



"That is why the Festival of Lights is celebrated for 8 days with a candle lighted for each day," Mr. Steinberg said.

elect a captain. Of course, both Paul and Tommy wanted that honor.

But this quarrel between Tommy and Paul had come at a bad time. It was the Christmas season; and to both Paul and Tommy this usually meant not one, but two holidays.

Paul's family was Jewish and celebrated the ancient Festival of Lights, known as Hanukkah, at about the same time that Tommy's family was decorating their Christmas tree.

The two families were lifelong friends. Every year Paul had Christmas dinner with the Rogers and Tommy celebrated Hanukkah at the Steinbergs.

But now the feud threatened to spoil everything.

For, as Paul told his older brother Al, "those Christmas dinners of Tommy's are really something. But I'll bet Tommy won't invite me this year. And will I miss that turkey! And the tree, and the songs."

Over at Tommy's house, the same wail went up. "Gee, there's nothing like a Hanukkah at Paul's. I could eat those potato pancakes all night. And Mr. Steinberg tells such swell stories after the candles are lit. Besides, I'll miss the games and riddles and spinning the Hanukkah top. Guess Paul's so mad he won't ever ask me again."

But each was too proud to make the first move to end the quarrel.

Then, two nights before Hanukkah, something happened.

The Steinbergs had just finished supper. Paul and Al were listening to the radio. Miriam, Paul's older sister, was getting dolled up for a date. Paul's father was reading a hunting and fishing magazine.

Mrs. Steinberg had just taken down the family Menorah, or Hanukkah candle-holder, the one Paul's great-grandfather had brought from Europe more than a hundred years ago.

She began to polish it very carefully.

Then suddenly it slipped out of her hand and crashed to the floor. It split right in two!

"Oh," said Paul's mother. "Oh, how terrible." Tears came to her eyes.

Miriam rushed in. "Oh, mother," she said, "how awful." And she began to cry.

Paul's brother, Al, came running. Of course, he couldn't cry, since he was captain of the Westville football team. But he looked very grave. And Paul did his best to look as serious as Al.

Mr. Steinberg laid down his magazine, but said not a word. He was thinking very hard.

That night, after Paul was asleep, he telephoned his friend Joe Rogers, who was Tommy's father.

Now Mr. Rogers was a welder and welders can do wonderful things. When a piece of wood breaks, it's easy enough to glue it together; but metal—that's different. It takes a welder to mend a broken piece of metal.

TWO MORNINGS LATER, as Paul was shoveling the first heavy snow from the Steinberg's front doorstep, he saw Tommy plowing toward him through the white drifts. Under his arm was a big something wrapped in a Christmas box.

"Hey!" shouted Tommy. "Wait till you see what I've got." And he handed the box to Paul.

"Jumping jelly-beans," said Paul, so excited he forgot all about the fight, "what is it?"

"See for yourself." And the two boys ran into the house to open the box.

Quickly Paul tore open the cover. Gleaming through layers of tissue paper was the Menorah. It looked as good as new, with only a tiny hairline showing where it had been welded. And it shone like gold from the polishing Joe Rogers had given it.

"Beautiful," said Paul. "It's beautiful. How'd your father do it?"

"Aw," said Tommy, "it's easy for my pop. He's a real good welder. Besides, I

told him to do a first-class job." Tommy looked very proud and important.

Paul's face shone.

"Hey, Tommy," he exclaimed, "now you'll just have to come over to our Hanukkah celebration. Say you'll come."

Tommy didn't have to be asked twice. "Boy, that's what I've been waiting for," he said.

THAT NIGHT Tommy's eyes sparkled as Mr. Steinberg lit the "servant candle" on the Menorah and then held it up to light the orange candle for the first day.

Then Tommy and the family sat down to their Hanukkah supper. Tommy had all the delicious potato pancakes he could eat, and many sweet, puffy-white Hanukkah "snowballs," and candied "Menorahs" made with pineapples, cherries, and walnuts.

After they had finished eating, Tommy and Paul listened to the wonderful story of the holiday, which Paul's father told them.

Tommy had often heard it before, but this time he thrilled again to the 2000-year-old tale that told about the Syrian tyrant, Antiochus, who forbade the Jews to worship God, and about Hannah and her seven sons who chose death rather than worship false idols.

Tommy held his breath as Paul's father told how Mattathias, the holy man, raised the banner of revolt, proclaiming, "Whoever is for the Lord, follow me."

And when Mattathias died, Tommy joined in spirit the bravest of his sons, Judah Maccabee, who carried on the war for freedom.

Then Mr. Steinberg told how Antiochus sent three huge armies against Judah's small force, and how some, in fear, asked Judah, "How shall we, being so few, fight so great a multitude?"

And Judah replied, "Strength cometh from Heaven."

And when the Syrians had been routed with the help of God and Judah's bravery, it was Tommy who clapped the loudest.

But the great story wasn't over. All

leaned forward expectantly as Mr. Steinberg went on.

He told them that when the Jews came back to their temple in Jerusalem after their great victory, they found only enough pure oil for a single day's burning of the lamp.

So they lit this oil, and lo!—it burned not just for a single day but for 8 days.

That is why Hanukkah, the Festival of Lights, Mr. Steinberg said, is celebrated for 8 days, with a candle lighted for each day.

Mr. Steinberg paused. "Always remember, boys," he said, "that the real meaning of Hanukkah is stated in the words of the prophet Zechariah: 'Not by strength and not by might but by my spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts.'"

PAUL was the first to break the silence when the story was over. "Now let's spin the dreidel," he said excitedly.

From out of his pocket Mr. Steinberg brought the little, 4-sided Hanukkah top, and walnuts were won and lost, depending on how the dreidel came to rest.

Then they played another Hanukkah game, "putting the beard on Antiochus," which was very much like "pin the tail on the donkey," except, of course, the "donkey" was Antiochus and the tail, his long beard.

When the candles were burning low and the boys beginning to nod, Miriam sat down at the piano and began to play. Soon

they were all joining in the Hanukkah hymn:

*Rock of Ages, let our song
Praise Thy saving power;
Thou, amidst the raging foes,
Wast our sheltering tower.
Furious they assailed us,
But Thine arm availed us,
And Thy word
Broke their sword
When our own strength failed us.*

Of course, the miracle celebrated by this song occurred a long time ago, almost 200 years before the birth of Jesus. But if you think miracles can't happen today, you are very much mistaken.

Because, as the last echoes of the song died away, Paul turned to his friend.

"Say, Tommy," he whispered, "I've been thinking. Why don't *you* be traffic captain?"

Tommy shook his head fiercely. "Nothing doing. I've been thinking, too. You should be captain."

Then, a light dawned. "Say," said Paul. "Why can't we both be captain? It's a big traffic patrol. We could be co-captains."

"Co-captains it is then," agreed Tommy.

Then the two boys just sat for a few minutes thinking about this grand new idea of theirs, and staring wide-eyed at the candles on the Menorah.

And, as Paul and Tommy stared, the candles seemed to wink, as if to say, "You see, everything can be mended, and anything can happen, especially on Hanukkah."



All through the Season

ARC PHOTO

**The lights on the tree that help make
our house gay
Should not be left burning if we go away.**

EWING GALLOWAY

**A Christmas that's white is especially
nice
But don't forget dangers of roads slick
with ice. v**



ARC PHOTO

**The candles we put in the window so
bright
Can burn down the house if the curtains
ignite.**



**ON THE NIGHT before Christmas and all
through the season
We'll be safer and happier by using
good reason.
Our yuletide traditions can bring us
much fun
So let's not let accidents harm anyone!**



EWING GALLOWAY

***That stocking that's hung by the fire-
place with care
Can soon turn to ashes if no screen is
there.**

ARC PHOTO BY DORIS WALLACE

**We use shiny paper for packages gay
But don't leave sharp scissors where
young people play.** ➤

By MARGO HILLS TYLER



ARC PHOTO

***The toys Santa leaves us when he
comes to call
Are not so much fun if they cause a bad
fall.**





We make holidays HAPPY!



◀ WE GATHER CHRISTMAS GREENS
for decorating the veterans hospital
—Clover Valley School, Duluth, Minnesota.



WE OPEN A CHRISTMAS STORE where
we display toys and books for chil-
dren less fortunate—Wygant School,
Portland, Oregon. ➤



ARMY PHOTO BY G. DIMITRI BORIA
◀ WE IN JAPAN make gifts for
wounded veterans in Korea. Dressed
in our native costumes, we deliver
the gifts to Red Cross headquarters
in Tokyo.



WE GATHER COCONUT AND
PALM BRANCHES, which we
silver for decorations in hospi-
tals—Waianae School, Oahu,
Hawaii. ➤



IRENE SMITH STUDIO
WE PACK GIFT BOXES for chil-
dren overseas—Village Primary
School, East Machias, Maine. ➤



◀ WE SHOW CHRISTMAS MOV-
IES to boys and girls from the
East End Day Nursery—Junior
Red Cross Council, Louisville,
Kentucky.

Holiday Time

IN PUERTO RICO

ONE OF THE AIMS of the Junior Red Cross members in Puerto Rico at Christmas time is to bring as much joy to as many people as possible.

They plan all kinds of festivities for servicemen and veterans who are in the 20 hospitals on the island.

First the boys and girls see that the hospitals are gaily decorated with Christmas trees and wall hangings. Then they provide unusual looking favors for the trays of patients who must spend their holidays in bed.

They plan entertainment, plays, and music, for the patients who are able to come to the hospital recreation rooms.

Early on Christmas morning, groups of

Juniors gather in front of the hospitals to sing carols. And almost all the patients receive gifts, most of which are made by the Juniors.

The aged who are in hospitals, the crippled children and those in institutions are remembered, too. All of these are entertained, and are given fruit, toys, and useful gifts.

According to the custom in Puerto Rico, the Juniors who attend school in the cities, send gifts to their friends in the rural areas. Candy, imported fruits—apples and grapes—and other delicacies go with gifts of toys and useful articles to the delight of the country school children.

In every way they can think of, the Puerto Rican boys and girls spread holiday cheer. They have a happy time doing it, too!



"The clown and the dancer"—Juniors from the Catholic Academy in San Juan give a Christmas party for boys and girls in the hospital in Puerto Rico. ▼



▲ Another scene from the Christmas party—"The fairy dances for Santa Claus and his wife."

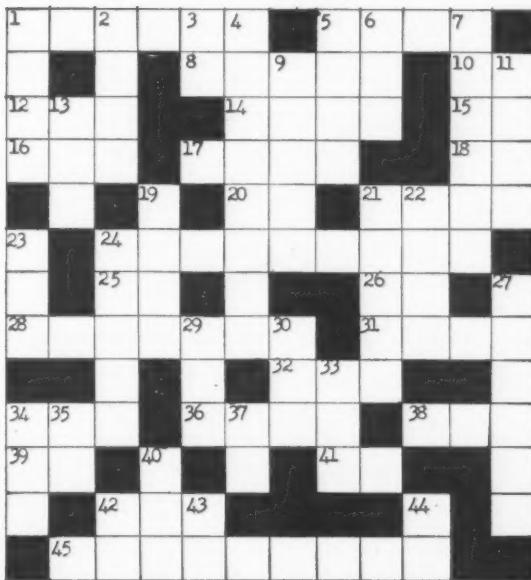
Christmas Pastime

HOLIDAY PUZZLE

ACROSS

- 1 A large fowl
- 5 Planned activity
- 8 Notes in rhythm
- 10 Abbrev. for Virginia
- 12 Snakelike fish
- 14 Fond of someone
- 15 Preposition
- 16 Night before Christmas
- 17 Missing prefix of phone
- 18 Present tense of did
- 20 Toward
- 21 An article
- 24 Christ's birthday
- 25 Sound of laughter
- 26 Singular form of the verb are
- 28 A race horse
- 31 A short form of gentleman
- 32 Past tense of eat
- 34 Preposition
- 36 Person who doesn't speak
- 38 A small flap
- 39 Conjunction
- 41 To act

Branch Wilkinson of Middlesex County, Va. wrote this puzzle while ill in the hospital.



DOWN

- 42 Small winged insect
- 45 Where Christ was born

- 1 An evergreen
- 2 To govern

(Answers on page 26)

- 3 A measure
- 4 Christmas season
- 5 To donate
- 6 Highest card
- 7 Shuns
- 9 Songs sung by one person
- 11 Extremely small particle
- 13 Girl's name
- 19 To talk
- 21 Reflection from a mirror
- 22 Not wild
- 23 Domestic animal
- 24 Group of singers
- 27 Building for horses
- 29 Scottish cap
- 30 House pest
- 33 Boy's name
- 34 Mist
- 35 Whether
- 37 Abbreviation for United States
- 40 To permit
- 42 Prefix meaning completely
- 43 Exclamation of surprise
- 44 Present tense of verb be

OUR CHRISTMAS ALPHABET

- C is for children far over the seas.
We sent them small gifts from you and from me.
- H is for heart, we all have a good one.
We show just how large when Juniors work or have fun.
- R is for the reason we join the Red Cross call—
the first of each year when we return in the fall.
- I is for ideas we work out and try to show,
so that good Juniors can work in the future and now.
- S is for soldiers whom we do try to cheer,
by making cups and favors for holidays all year.
- T is for toys for boys and girls, near or far away.
We like to send them so they too can be happy and gay.
- M is for making the things we pledge each year.
Made here in Bonsall, they're shipped far or near.
- A is for always! We're glad to lend a hand—
our worldwide friendship goes to every land.
- S is for service, the reason we join the call.
Now let us say together—

MERRY CHRISTMAS ONE AND ALL!

—Junior Red Cross City Council, Camden, N. J.



The Day before Christmas

HELEN DEAN FISH

Cathy

Ellen and Uncle Timothy share a Christmas secret.

T WAS the day before Christmas—a day Ellen thought was almost nicer than Christmas Day itself. She was nearly 8 years old now and could remember several of those happy days of getting ready for Santa Claus' visit.

And mother knew just how to make every minute of that day wonderful for Ellen and the twins, Billy and Bumpy, from when they first woke up to smell griddlecakes cooking for breakfast, to the last good-night after Santa Claus had made his Christmas Eve visit.

This morning, Ellen opened her eyes to see snow falling softly over the garden. The twins were at their window in the next room, chattering excitedly about the snow and their sleds and Santa Claus.

Ellen jumped out of bed, washed and dressed in a jiffy and helped Billy and Bumpy into their overalls.

Then they all slid down the banisters to breakfast, shouting "Good morning!" just as mother put the first heaping plate of griddlecakes in front of father. He did one of his funny big grins—first at mother, then at Ellen and the twins.

"Hi, kids! Up in your chairs, every

man of you! Here's work to do, and Christmas coming tomorrow!"

The twins screamed for joy and scrambled into their chairs. Somehow Ellen felt too happy to scream. But of course it was all right for the twins. They were only 4.

She fixed herself a lovely plate of cakes—hot, brown, with lots of melting butter and golden maple sirup. Before she took her first bite she said,

"Oh, Mother, I do wish Uncle Timothy could come tonight!"

"Well, dear, I think Uncle Timothy has an engagement for this evening. He told me he had. He'll come tomorrow for dinner you know."

"But he *never* comes on Christmas Eve—and it would make it just perfect if he would!"

Uncle Timothy was her mother's brother. He was jolly and fat and lived on a farm outside the village where Ellen and her family lived. They all loved him very much.

Mother smiled as she poured another cup of coffee for father and passed it to him with her special look. Father drank the coffee and got up.

"Now, my chicks, I must go. Be ready for me at 6 and we'll have a lot of fun."

ELLEN and the twins finished their breakfast and then the fun of the day-before-Christmas began—cookie making, with all of them in the kitchen together.

Mother mixed and rolled out the dough. Ellen helped to cut the cookies with the little tin cutters that made stars and bells and roly-poly Santas. Then she shook on the sugar very gently when mother drew each fragrant panful from the oven.

The twins had a little board and rolling pin at a low table in the corner and made their own cookies with little lumps of dough from mother's bowl, cutting them out with a thimble. Ellen used to make these "dolls' cookies" herself before she was old enough to help mother.

Then they had lunch, watching the snow falling thicker and thicker, and mother said, "We must go right away to get the tree—or they'll be all covered up!"

So Ellen helped the twins get into their snowsuits and put on her boots and her blue reefer with the bright red lining, while mother got the little hatchet out of the woodshed.

They started up the hilly field back of the house, the twins dragging their sleds, until they came to the edge of the wood

Ellen watched with startled eyes fixed on Santa's right hand—Santa wore a ring that Ellen knew!

and found the very tree mother and father had chosen on their walk last Sunday.

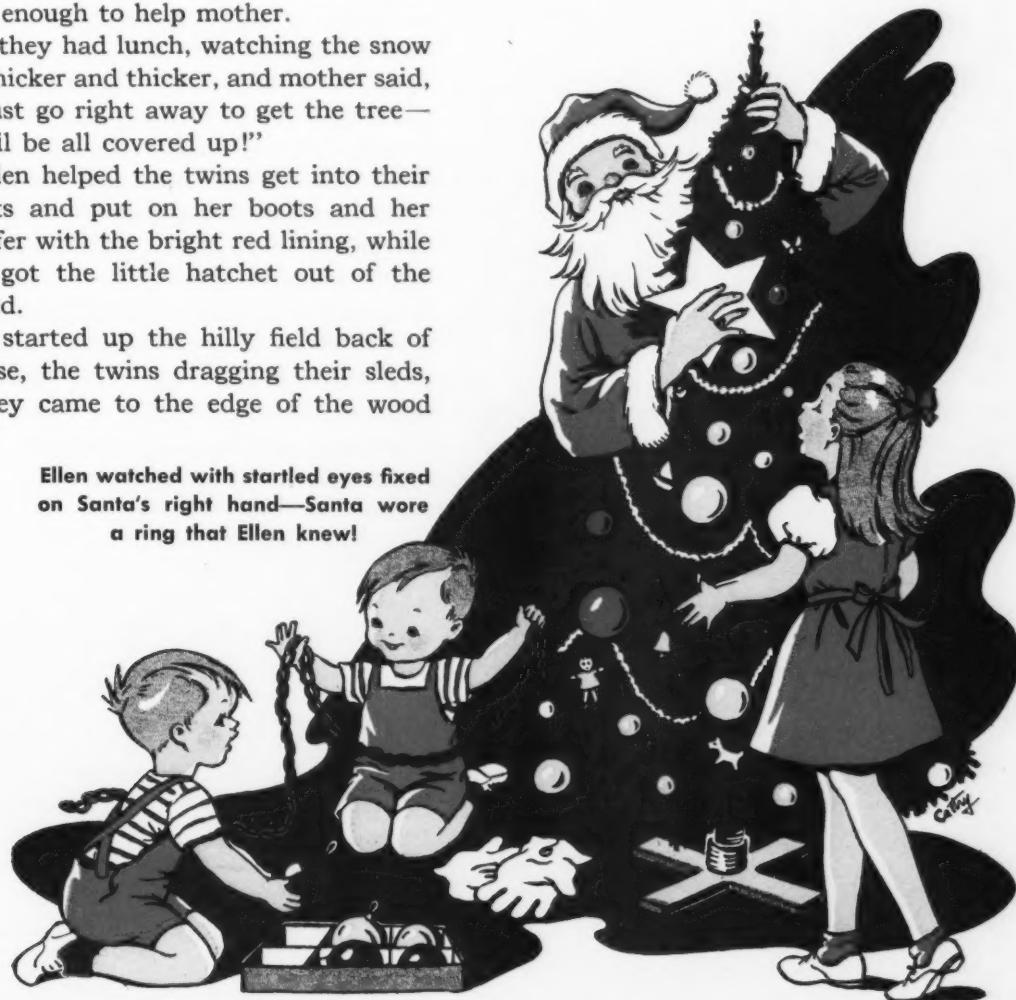
It was not a very big tree, but it was full and green and just big enough for mother to chop down and for all of them to drag home on the twins' sleds.

"Mother," said Billy, "why doesn't Santa Claus bring the tree?"

"Yes," said Bumpy, who always wanted to know anything Billy thought of asking. "Why, mother?"

Mother laughed. "Now how could Santa Claus bring all the trees and all the toys too? Just *think!* There wouldn't be room in his sleigh."

Billy was perfectly satisfied with this reason, and so was Bumpy, but Ellen began to think, as she walked along. *How did*



Illustrations by CATHARINE SMITH

Santa Claus have room to bring even the toys for all the children he had to visit on Christmas Eve? How could he possibly have room?

"It must be magic," she thought at last.
"Santa Claus must be magic."

By THIS TIME they had reached the kitchen door. Mother shook the snow off the tree and while the twins played in the snow, mother and Ellen fastened the tree in its holder and set it up in the living room. Then Ellen went out to help the twins make a snowman, until at 4 mother called them in.

She had lit the wood fire in the living room and when they were all warm and dry the twins snuggled beside her in the big armchair while she read aloud "The Night Before Christmas" and "The Tailor of Gloucester."

Then they hung up their stockings from three special hooks father had put under the mantelpiece.

Mother had their early supper of baked potatoes and sizzling meat balls and cocoa and custard ready when father came home at 6. They had a merry meal, hurried a bit because it was almost time for Santa Claus to come to help trim the tree.

Ellen knew that most of her friends, in the little country school she went to, hung up their stockings before they went to bed

on Christmas Eve and found them filled on Christmas morning.

But at her house they had always had a different plan—Santa Claus came right after supper—not down the chimney, to be sure, but popping in the kitchen door.

They would hear his sleigh bells and he would open the door and come in, with his pack on his back, full of presents for all of them. He would help trim the tree and then fill the stockings they had hung by the fireplace.

After that he wished them Merry Christmas and went away again—to get in the sleigh he had left waiting over the hill, to make all the visits he had to make before morning.

TONIGHT, Ellen was the first to hear Santa Claus' bells and the opening of the kitchen door. Santa stamped off the snow and stood in the dining room door shouting "Merry Christmas!" just as he always did.

Dear Santa—in his red suit trimmed with white fur, his red hat made just like the pictures in "The Night Before Christmas," his thick white gloves!

Supper forgotten, the family surrounded him and led him to the tree and for the next half hour everyone was busy—choosing colored balls, handing Santa their favorite tree-toys, and helping to make the tree

ANSWERS TO PUZZLE ON PAGE 23

Across

- | | |
|----------|--------------|
| 1 Turkey | 25 Ha |
| 5 Game | 26 Am |
| 8 Music | 28 Trotter |
| 10 Va. | 31 Gent |
| 12 Eel | 32 Ate |
| 14 Love | 34 For |
| 15 At | 36 Mute |
| 16 Eve | 38 Tab |
| 17 Tele | 39 Or |
| 18 Do | 41 Do |
| 20 To | 42 Bee |
| 21 Item | 45 Bethlehem |

Down

- | | |
|------------|-----------|
| 1 Tree | 23 Cat |
| 2 Rule | 24 Choir |
| 3 Em | 27 Stable |
| 4 Yuletide | 29 Tam |
| 5 Give | 30 Rat |
| 6 Ace | 33 Ted |
| 7 Evades | 34 Fog |
| 9 Solos | 35 Or |
| 11 Atom | 37 U.S. |
| 13 Eve | 40 Let |
| 19 Chat | 42 Be |
| 21 Image | 43 Eh |
| 22 Tame | 44 Am |

beautiful with festoons of white popcorn and gay paper chains Ellen and the twins had made the week before.

Santa Claus worked rapidly, talking in his funny gruff voice and chuckling a lot.

Ellen brought him her little stool so he could reach to fasten the star on the very tip-top of the tree.

It was a star Ellen and mother had made out of gold and silver paper but the strings mother had fixed on the back of it were too fine for Santa's clumsy white gloves. He slipped them off and dropped them down to Ellen.

She watched him as his nimble fingers tied the star around the twig, watched him with startled eyes fixed on his right hand—Santa's hand without its white glove. Santa's hand wore a ring that Ellen knew, Uncle Timothy's big black seal with his grandfather's initials, that she had played with ever since she was a baby!

Ellen raised her eyes to Santa's face and tried to see his eyes behind the Santa Claus mask. She opened her mouth to say "Uncle Timothy!"

Then her mother said, "Ellen! Please! Run to the kitchen and bring me the dustpan and brush. Right away, dear!"

So Ellen didn't say, "Uncle Timothy" and she saw Santa Claus step down from the stool, pick up his glove, and laugh cheerfully as he put it on.

HER MOTHER was close behind her as she went into the kitchen.

"Darling, you saw Uncle Timothy's hand—I saw you see it—so you know. Now you are in on the secret—Uncle Tim's lovely secret that he has enjoyed ever since you were a baby."

"You mean—Santa Claus is . . . Uncle Timothy?" Ellen cried.

"Yes, and Uncle Timothy is Santa Claus—for us!"

"Then Peggy Brown was right? There is no real Santa Claus? I wouldn't believe her! I told her I was *sure* because I had seen him!"

"And you can be sure, Ellen. Santa Claus is the spirit of Christmas—of love and gift-giving. It is real as real!"

"But now that you are older you can understand that there doesn't have to be a real Santa Claus that flies over the roofs of houses in a sleigh drawn by reindeer—even if there *could* be such a thing. You can know now that you have people like dear Uncle Timothy and your parents who love you enough to play Santa Claus."

"Yes, I see," said Ellen, trying to see. "And now I'm in the secret because I'm



grown up and we'll keep it from the little boys so they won't be disappointed before they're old enough to understand."

Mother gave Ellen a big hug. "Exactly, my darling. Now let's go back and play Santa Claus some more—and this time you can see Uncle Timothy off and kiss him good-night. For he *has* been at our Christmas Eve party—just as you were wishing he could be, this morning."

"And he always has been at our Christmas parties!" cried Ellen, delighted.

"Yes, and he always will be, I hope, even when you children are too old to play Santa Claus."

"And," Ellen added, "someday the twins will be as happy as I am to find that Santa Claus was our Uncle Timothy!"



